



## A LITERARY AND CRITICAL GAZETTE.

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### TICONDEROGA.

The engraving which accompanies this number of the *Ariel*, is a representation of the fortifications at Ticonderoga, celebrated in the annals of our Revolution as the scene of a bold and decisive surprise. Another view of this same spot may be found in the *Analectic Magazine* for April, 1818. Ticonderoga is about sixteen miles south of Crown Point, and about thirty miles north of Skeenesborough, where Wood Creek falls into Lake Champlain.

The military history of this memorable spot, which has been rendered almost sacred by the valor of Americans, must be familiar to most of our readers. On the breaking out of the Revolution, it was occupied by the British, and was by both parties considered an important hold, as guarding the intercourse of the lakes and the frontiers. Immediately on the news of the battle of Lexington, a plan was formed by several gentlemen in Connecticut, to surprise the forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, before they should be too much strengthened by reinforcements to offer effectual resistance. The design was communicated to Col. Ethan Allen, who, by authority from the General Assembly of Connecticut, assembled two hundred Green Mountain boys, and proceeded to Castleton. Here he was unexpectedly joined by Arnold, with a slight force, bent upon the accomplishment of the same design.—Arnold was admitted to act as Allen's assistant, and proceeding, they reached the lake opposite Ticonderoga, on the evening of the 19th of May, 1775. With the utmost difficulty, boats were procured, and only eighty three men were landed near the garrison when the day dawned. It was determined not to hazard the success of the enterprise by waiting for the rear, but to proceed immediately. Allen now delivered a short address before his little band, representing the tyranny under which the country groaned, and concluded with saying, "I now propose to advance before you, and in person conduct you through the wicket gate, and you that will go with me voluntarily in the desperate attempt, poise your firelocks." He then led them instantly into the gate, when a sentry snapped his musket at him, and retreated through the covered way into the fort. He pressed forward after him, and quickly formed his men on the parade ground, in such a manner as to face the two opposite barracks. Three loud buzzes awoke the garrison, and told them they were prisoners. A sentry, who asked for quarter, pointed out the commanding officer's apartment. Allen himself, broke down the door, and, entering with a drawn sword, called on Captain De la Place, the commanding officer, and who was undressed, to surrender the fort. "By what authority do you demand it?" enquired the astonished officer. "I demand it," said Allen, "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress"—and the fort was instantly surrendered.—Forty nine prisoners, and many valuable stores, were taken. Crown Point was captured the same day, and the capture of a Sloop of War soon after, made Allen complete master of Lake Champlain.

A prudent woman is in the same class of honor as a wise man.—*Tutler.*

### FOR THE ARIEL.

If I might hope from Fate the completion of my wishes, I would not desire to possess the superfluities of fortune, to reign over my fellow creatures, or to spread my fame over the most distant regions of the earth, I would simply ask to retire far from the noise and bustle of a town, (where a thousand snares are spread to entrap the virtuous, and where custom has dignified and established a thousand follies,) and to pass the rest of my days in some peaceful solitude, possessed of a cottage and a little orchard, unenvied and content.—

GESSNER.

There is a charm and sublimity in American scenery which gives an exquisite zest to the pleasures of a country life, inspiring an elevation of feeling and a lofty independence of sentiment that renders the mind of man truly amiable; by this powerful influence, the actions of the native Americans are exerted to promote the cause of Agriculture, and it is this happy influence which determines the majority of them in favor of Rural Pursuits. The advantages of a country life are of more real value than all the glittering shops of a city, stored with the most costly merchandize. The Theatres and other public places of amusement (however captivating present no such allurements for the honest Farmer, as his fields, his granary and dairy. To range his native hills, to till the earth and tend his flocks, constitute his chief amusements. Far removed from the murky atmosphere of a city, and the busy throng of people who fill the streets and workshops, he passes his days, blessed with health and tranquility, in cultivating his land, and gathering the rich fruits from the bounty of nature. At night his sleep is undisturbed, no idle dreams of ambition haunt his imagination: His hospitality springs from the heart, and whatever his festive board affords is given with a cheerful welcome. He turns not his back on a friend in distress, and rejects not his acquaintance, however plain his apparel or humble his means, (and unlike the finished coxcomb of a city,) if he meets him to-day, he is not ashamed to recognise him to-morrow. The American farmer has a frankness of manner comporting with the republican character of his country, and common to every section of the United States, his principles teach him to despise the surly and ferocious Jacobin, and the duplicity of the fawning courtier, and whilst he abhors the vices of the wretched gambler, he treats with scorn the effeminate fop and blustering bully. By a well regulated course of industry, he is sure to obtain a competence, if he cannot acquire wealth. In his political sphere, whether acting as a member of the legislative body, or exercising the right of suffrage at the polls, he feels the importance attached to his character as a citizen, and prompted by his interest as a proprietor of land, zealously devotes his time to the welfare of his country. America may be truly called the poor man's friend, a title dear to philanthropy—under her fostering care, she shields the weak from oppression—protects merit and comforts the distressed of all nations. Although her cities abound in wealth and charitable institutions, yet they can never furnish to the laboring poor the same facilities to gain a livelihood which can be procured from our fields and forests.—With regard to health, if you contrast the situation of a family group in the country with an equal number of objects in a populous city, you will find that nature smiling with delight, spreads a radiant glow of ruddy health over the complexion of the one, which she too commonly

denies to the other. The pallid hue of disease is oftener found in a palace than a cottage, and at the most interesting seasons of Summer and Autumn, the country triumphs in all the splendor of her charms, by inducing thousands to forsake the hot and crowded towns for the benefit of a purer air. Happy is that nation which can boast of a population consisting chiefly of agriculturalists; such is then the situation of the United States of America, where the poorest husbandman can find a maintenance for himself and family by the cultivation of the soil, and the sports of the field, and where he can unmolested pursue his game in the forest, and supply himself with fish from the rivers. In such a country, abounding with a diversity of soil and climate, and with millions of uncultivated acres, the poor (if industrious) can never want. What are twelve millions and a half of people, scattered over a continent of infinite resources, and capable of supporting more than an hundred millions? A vast field is yet open to the enterprise of man. Let not the emigrant from Europe be discouraged from seeking, under Divine Providence, an asylum in a country where prudence and industry are only required to secure him a plentiful support. The United States must continue to advance with rapid strides, to the summit of power and prosperity. In half a century, such has been the increase of population and the magnitude of internal improvements, as to have surpassed the expectations of the most sanguine friends of the Nation. As long as a reciprocity of interests prevails among the States, the Union will be secure, and may it be perpetual! and may the wise maxim never be forgotten "United we stand, divided we fall." Let the most liberal feelings prevail among the people of every section of the United States, and as a band of brothers, we may then bid defiance to the enmity of the most powerful nations of the world. European travellers cannot fail to be surprised at the progress made in the Arts and Sciences. Very few foreigners, intravelling through the United States, are inclined to do justice to the character of the people, or to give an impartial account of what they see to interest them. They take but a superficial view of all the most important objects which should engage the attention of enlightened travellers. In perusing some of the miserable productions of foreign tourists through this country, we have to make many allowances for their bad grammar, style, and various absurdities; and they are frequently guilty of shameful misrepresentations, founded on the most disgraceful malevolence. "Falsehood, how I loathe thee! a lie leaves not the soul at liberty, nor comforts like a truly spoken word, but it torments the breast that forges it, returning like the dart which Gods divert, and wounds the archer." We are not without our defects or devoid of eccentricities, and are even reluctant to impugn the motives of our adversaries for their narration of every incident, but surely information collected from steamboats, stage coaches, and the tables d'hote, generally comes in a very questionable shape—we are always ready to yield credence to men of science whose minds are not labouring under prejudices, and whose pens are not dipt in gall.

\*Goethe.

The hurried mode of travelling which some of these writers adopt, can only afford them a glance at the country through which they pass. The most beautiful parts of the interior of every state are left unseen, and the most highly improved places are unvisited by them. They take little, or no notice, of the natural and civil concerns of this country. Vain, selfish, and supercilious, they are too apt to judge others by themselves, and too proud to seek information from respectable authority; and are, withal, so conceited and silly as to dispute with the most enlightened Americans on subjects solely applicable to the local affairs of the United States, assuming the most preposterous arguments, based on ignorance, to enforce their opinions. To this particular description of travellers, may justly be applied the old Latin adage:—"Stultum est in alieno Foro litigare." What, however, can be expected from men who think to recommend themselves to the prejudiced part of their own countrymen, by giving an unfair and exaggerated account of America, and whose movements over these states are as rapid as ever were the arial excursions of Lunardi, and who are emulous to outstrip in the fabulous even Munchausen himself; but some of these marvellous gentry may have the consolation to know, that if they do not excite the disgust of Brother Jonathan, they at least raise a smile of contempt from his risible faculty. I have been led almost imperceptibly into this digression, by a supposition, that some of these Grub-St.-Scribblers have been hired to give an erroneous report of the United States, to deter, if possible, the most worthy and industrious farmers and artisans of their fellow subjects, from emigrating; but the most correct information will be conveyed to every civilized part of Europe, that the industrious, poor, and persecuted of all nations may seek this land of peace and plenty, and here find happiness among a brave, compassionate, and generous people. The poorest husbandman is better remunerated for his services in America, than he could be in any other nation of the Globe. Industry and integrity are only required to insure him success; his honesty, sobriety, and civility will always be the best recommendations to encouragement, and however humble, his station will secure him friends. Blessed with health, freedom, and a contented mind, and far removed from the turmoils of a city life, he enjoys as much independence in his cottage, as the wealthy possessor of the most splendid mansion.

AGRICOLA.

#### CURIOUS PLAY BILL.

The following remarkable theatrical announcement is a mixed appeal of vanity and poverty to the taste and feelings of the inhabitants of a town in Sussex.

(Copy)

At the old theatre in East Grinstead, on Saturday, May, 1758, will be presented (by particular desire, and for the benefit of Mrs. P.) the deep and affecting Tragedy of Theodosius, or the Farce of Love, with magnificent scenes, dresses, &c.

Varanes, by Mr. P. who will strive, as far possible, to support the character of this fiery Persian Prince, in which he was so much admired and applauded at Hastings, Arundel, Petworth, Midworth, Lewes, &c.

Theodosius, by a young gentleman from the University of Oxford, who never appeared on any stage.

Anthenias, by Mrs. P. Though her present condition will not permit her to wait on gentlemen and ladies out of the town with tickets, she hopes, as on former occasions, for their liberality and support.

Nothing in Italy can exceed the altar, in the first scene of the play. Nevertheless, should any of the Nobility or Gentry wish to see it ornamented with flowers, the bearer will bring away as many as they choose to favour him with.

As the coronation of Anthenias, to be introduced in the fifth act, contains a number of personages, more than sufficient to fill all the dressing-rooms, &c. it is hoped no gentlemen

and ladies will be offended at being refused admission behind the scenes.

N. B. The great yard dog, that made so much noise on Thursday night, during the last act of King Richard the Third, will be sent to a neighbour's over the way; and on account of the prodigious demand for places, part of the stable will be laid into the boxes on one side, and the granary be open for the same purpose on the other.

FROM THE NASHVILLE BANNER.

#### A FRAGMENT.

—He marry! no, not he—other men might go whine, imagine themselves in love, as they called it, submit to the airs of conceited flirts, making themselves highly ridiculous to all men of sense, perhaps have the mortification to be rejected, perhaps (worse still) the mortification to be accepted—and then a wife at one's hands, crying for a bonnet, whining for a ribbon, sighing for a feather, and eternally complaining, "*why did you stay out so late last night—I was so sick—you don't care anything for me—those oranges were not fit to eat—you must take me to the springs—how shall I get there—I absolutely never will ride in that carriage again—dear me, I feel so faint—send for the doctor—I am too weak to get up to breakfast—bring me some tea and toast to the bed side, &c. &c. &c.*" Then, what with bawling at the servants, squalling at the children, complaining of the neighbors, falling out with the wives of his best and most influential friends, and thereby converting them into enemies, taking him from his business to make morning calls, (on the same day that she was about to die) and taking his servant from his station to attend on her—crossing his humors, interfering with his habits and inclinations, draining his purse and ruining his peace—no, they would not catch him—in his opinion nine tenths of the married men secretly repent it from their very souls. And children, he detested them, dirty, ragged, squalling brats, that gave men nothing but solicitude and disgust while young, and nothing but vexation and disappointment when grown. After teething-time is passed, (glorious deliverance) breeches for one, petticoat for another, hat for a third, book for a fourth, and the Lord knows what for a 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th, for with this number he would certainly be blessed! How dreadful to think of foolish sons and ugly daughters; sons ungrateful, dissipated and unpromising; daughters to marry badly, or what is worse, not marry at all—and other inconveniences too tedious to mention. He would have none of it, but would preserve his liberty entire; he would not condescend to seek the society of frivolous girls who have not sense enough to converse, or attractions to interest. No, he was determined to keep company with Newton, and Locke, and Milton, and Scott, and Byron; and while the frivolous butterflies of fashion fluttered round the still more insignificant coquettes of the day, and talked about the weather, and love and marriage, and sponge-cake, and poundcake, and candy, and read the candy poetry, he—he would commune with the minds of these great men, would enjoy the delightful pleasures of the intellect and prepare himself to "*govern men and guide the state.*" In the midst of these bachelor like reflections, the young man entered his room and found on the floor the following letter, which had been pushed under his door in his absence.

Nashville, March 30, 1826.

MY DEAR——, I have reconsidered the proposal you made last Sunday, and am emboldened by the ardor of attachment you professed, to tell you that I will now agree to it. Indeed I always loved you, but was prevented by the opposition of my family from avowing my attachment. But I have now re-

solved to be yours in spite of opposition. Do not, my dear boy, execute these rash resolutions with which you threatened me, that you would withdraw your society from me, would even learn to hate me. This fatal threat has ever since haunted my pillow. Do not pretend to visit me until the expiration of ten days, for reasons which I will then give, and the force of which you will acknowledge. Let me entreat this of you. Please excuse the indelicate step on which I have ventured in writing this letter, and if your feelings are the same that you always expressed, I will subscribe myself  
Your——

What an inconsistent creature is man! how weak are our most determined resolutions when formed in opposition to nature! how much easier it is to govern the head than the heart! It is sufficient to say, that this letter was signed by the name of a woman he loved, whom a few days before he had courted, and by whom he had been rejected, which word *rejected*, explains all those sarcastic speeches above, and which, as is usual in such a case, reminds us of the old story of the sour grapes. It is impossible to describe his feelings, his excitement, his castle building, his reveries, soliloquies, and excursions on the wings of fancy. After reading the letter some fifty times over, and gazing at himself half an hour in the glass, with a much better opinion of his face than he ever entertained before, he wrote her a most rapturous letter, in answer, compared with which, all those letters written by Lord Mortimer and other heroes of romance sink into insignificance. And then how to dispose of himself until the expiration of the ten days, which she, a cruel, cruel girl, had enjoined. He took a solemn oath that he would tell his secret to no living creature, and straightway went and told it to three or four of his friends, engaged two of them as groomsmen, bought fine clothes and put his friends to the same expense; even enquired the price of furniture, and determined in his mind to live in the house of a certain gentleman which pleased his fancy. Every thing happy was anticipated. Bachelors might draw out their solitary tasteless existence and have no one to love them in life, or weep them in death—might "*live unregarded, unlamented die;*" he would secure to himself a tender companion, prattling babes, and all the endearments of domestic love. Posterity was not disregarded in his fancied reveries.—They would have five children: the first a boy named after himself, the second a daughter, the third a son, the fourth a son, and the fifth a daughter called after its mother. He pleased himself with imagining how he would attain wealth and fame, how he would go to Congress, and what a figure he would make there, and amused himself with thoughts of letters he would write to his wife, and letters he would receive from her while at Washington, beginning perhaps thus: "*My dear husband, I have just read your last speech, which is so much praised and talked of here.*" Or thus: "*Last Sunday there came a beautiful little stranger to our house, surprisingly like you, who would be glad of your acquaintance. What shall we call him?*" He settled in his mind what he would say when he next saw her, what on the night of his marriage, and talked very foolishly to his content of the manner in which he intended to live, and many other things which make a man look very ridiculous when such things miscarry.—In short the affair entirely engrossed his mind, and he revelled in all the regions of fancy—read novels, wrote poetry, and walked by moonlight, and so wrought himself up (for love is nothing but a self-delusion, a kind of fiction of the mind, and is said by many knowing ones to be all fancy and folly) that he bordered on lunacy, laid aside business, and was entirely engrossed with reveries, solilo-



quies and woodland rambles. At last the happy time arrived, the ten days had expired. The young gentleman dressed himself most particularly fine, communing intimately with his looking-glass and nicely adjusting every hair and cravat fold. He joyously sauntered forth to see "his soul's far dearer part," very much in love with her, and still more with himself. Happily she was at home, and alone. He met her with a warmth which she did not understand, and embraced her with a familiarity at which she took offence. "Have I not told you, sir, (said she) that your visits at this house were unwelcome, and your attentions to me disagreeable?" "Why, my dear—what do you mean?" said he with diffidence and tenderness. "What do you mean sir?" said she with anger and impatience. "Did you not write this letter, Miss——?" said he, taking it from his pocket and presenting it with a manner that now showed his doubts of its authenticity. During the perusal, there was a curl of the nose and a sarcastic smile on her face, which to a more composed and less interested observer, would have appeared a fatal omen. "I now understand the reason of your looking at me in such a manner at church last Sunday," said she, returning him the letter with a contemptuous coliness, "and that unaccountable letter I received from you a few days since," said she, bursting into a loud laugh. "You, not being able to discover, sir, that the letter is a hoax in which some malicious person has in an unmanly manner used my name, places you lower than ever in my estimation. You may at least be convinced, sir, that it is not my hand-writing," said she, opening a music-book into which she had copied some songs; and carelessly humming an indifferent air, she left the room. Heavens! how many air-castles were prostrated at the word hoax. He threw the music-book with fury against the wall, strided across the floor like a madman, and in a few moments left the house with precipitation. He thought that every man, woman and child knew it, and was proportionally mortified. But how to revenge himself on the villain that had quizzed him! how to break it to his friends to whom he had talked so foolishly! he thought of suicide, but at length determined—

Here the fragment becomes so illegible that we can read it no further, and as the author is unknown to us, we know not to whom to apply to decypher it, he will therefore please excuse what on our part is unavoidable. II.

#### THE KING OF INDIA'S LIBRARY.

Dabshelim, king of India, had so numerous a library, that a hundred brachmans were scarcely sufficient to keep it in order; and it required a thousand dromedaries to transport it from one place to another. As he was not able to read all these books, he proposed to the Brachmans to make extracts from them of the best and most useful of their contents. These learned personages set themselves so heartily to work, that in less than twenty years they had compiled of all these extracts a little encyclopædia of twelve thousand volumes, which thirty camels could carry with ease. They had the honour to present it to the king. But, how great was their amazement, on his giving them for answer, that it was impossible for him to read thirty camel-loads of books. They therefore reduced their extracts to fifteen, afterwards to ten, then to four, then to two dromedaries, and at last there remained only so much as to load a mule of ordinary stature.

Unfortunately, Dabshelim, during this process of melting down his library, was grown old, and saw no probability of living to exhaust its quintessence to the last volume. "Illustrious sultan," and his vizir, the sage Pilpay, "thought I have but a very imperfect knowledge of your royal library, yet I will un-

dertake to deliver you a very brief and satisfactory abstract of it. You shall read it throughout the rest of your life. Having said this, Pilpay took a palm-leaf, and wrote upon it with a golden style the four following sentences:—

1. The greater part of the sciences comprise but one single word—*Perhaps!* and the whole history of mankind contains no more than three—they are *born, suffer, die.*

2. Love nothing but what is good, and do all that thou lovest to do; think nothing but what is true, and speak not all that thou thinkest.

3. O kings! tame your passions, govern yourselves; and it will be only child's play to you to govern the world.

4. O kings! O people! it can never be often enough repeated to you, what the half-witted venture to doubt, that there is no happiness without virtue, and no virtue without the fear of God.

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

#### THE FLITCH OF BACON.

Most of our readers have probably heard of the ancient custom maintained at Dunmow, in Essex, of awarding a flitch of bacon to any wedded couple who could satisfactorily and proforma testify, that after having lived together a year and a day in holy matrimony, they did not repent, nor had once repented themselves of their union. This custom was instituted in or about the year 1111, by Robert, son of Richard Fitz Gilbert, Earle of Clare, and requires that if any married couple would take the prescribed oath, which follows, kneeling upon two bare stones within the church door, before the prior and brethren, they should have a gammon bacon freely delivered to them, which is done with great ceremony.

#### THE OATH.

"You shall swear by the custom of our confession, That you never made any nuptial transgression: Since you were married man and wife, By household brawls or contentious strife; Or otherwise, in bed or at board, Offended each other in deed or in word; Or, since the parish clerk said Amen, Wished yourselves unmarried again; Or in a twelvemonth and a day, Repented not in thought any way, But continued true and in desire, As when you joined hands in holy quire; If to these conditions, without all fear, Of your own accord you will freely swear, A gammon of bacon you shall receive, And bear it hence with love and good leave, For this is the custom at Dunmow well known, Though the spot be ours, the bacon's your own."

The happy pair are then taken upon men's shoulders in a chair, (kept for the purpose,) and carried round the scite of the priory, from the church to the house, with minstrels of every description, and the gammon of bacon borne high on a pole before them, attended by the steward, gentlemen, and officers of the manor, and the several inferior tenants, carrying wands, &c. A jury of bachelors and maidens, (six of each sex,) following two and two, with an immense multitude of other people, young and old, from all the neighboring towns and villages thereabouts, and several more that came from very great distances, (to the amount of many thousands in the whole,) rending the air with their shouts and acclamations.

This custom is still kept up at Dunmow, which was formerly a priory. The last couple that claimed the bacon was Thomas Shakeshaft, in the parish of Westersfield, in the county of Essex, weaver, and Anna his wife, who went to demand, and actually did receive, a gammon of bacon; having first knelt down upon two bare stones, within the church door, and taken the oath pursuant to the ancient custom, in manner and form prescribed as aforesaid, the 20th of June, 1751; in commemoration of which a picture was painted, representing the procession, and containing the portraits of the affectionate and happy couple.

Before the dissolution of monasteries it does not appear, by searching the most ancient records, to have been demanded above three times, and including this, just as often since; so rare are the instances of perfect conjugal felicity in the marriage state!

The chair in which the worthy couple were wont to be seated on these occasions, is still preserved in the church, and from the narrow accommodation which it must needs afford to an ordinary sized couple, seems well fitted to try their forbearance on the very spot, if not very loving indeed: it is substantially made of oak, and time, which antiquates everything that is durable, had given it a very venerable appearance: but the late church wardens in their renovating career, have had its worm eaten sides thickly covered with a coating of paint to make it harmonize with the other beautifications inside the church. A noble tree too, upon which from time immemorial the bacon was wont to be suspended, has, in a similar outrage upon antiquity, been lately cut down! Whether it was "thrift! thrift!" that prompted this downfall, or an impression that the face was past bearing another crop of this quaint fruit of the older, we know not. It may be added, that of the few ancients who have witnessed the custom, we know there is still living one lady, who remembers the giving of the flitch, and who partook of the bacon: this was 76 years ago; has Dunmow forfeited its character? or were Thomas and Ann Shakeshaft the last couple in the county of Essex, who have been able to substantiate the condition of the claim?

*Two negatives make a positive.*—Mr. Pitt was remarkable for giving his opinions with great positiveness. At a Cabinet dinner, he was once expatiating on the beauty of the Latin language; and as an argument in favour of the superiority which he affirmed it had over the English, he said, that two negatives made a thing more positive, than one affirmative possibly could do. "Ah! then," said Lord Thurlow, "your father and mother must have been two negatives, to have made such a positive fellow as you are."

FOR THE ARIEL.

Sir—In looking over some old Magazines a short time since, I happened to meet with the following lines, which, if you deem them worthy of a corner in one of your columns, are quite at your service. Should you approve of them, you may at some future period receive further communications from the same quarter.

EMELINE.

#### WOMAN.

Woman, modest, timid creature,  
Cast in softest mould by nature,  
Form'd for tenderness and love;  
Man's sweetest solace was design'd,  
And should be ever pliant, kind,  
And gentle as the dove.

No envious thoughts should rule her breast,  
Or stormy passions e'er invest  
With wild and fierce control;  
But quiet, patient, and resign'd,  
She should possess a steady mind,  
With firm and pious soul.

Her's is the part, to check the sigh  
Which anguish prompts, to dry the eye  
Bedew'd with sorrow's tear;—  
To sympathize in ev'ry grief  
Which lies too deep to find relief,  
And soothe each rankling care.

With fond solicitude to see  
The tender bud of Infancy  
Unfold its op'ning flower;  
Direct it in the path of truth,  
And call each dawning virtue forth  
With mild, persuasive power.

When Woman thus fulfils the part,  
In purity of mind and heart,  
Which bounteous Heav'n design'd,  
She merits Man's devoted love,  
And must his greatest blessing prove—  
A treasure rich, refined.

## THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 26, 1828.

The poem from "Ion" possesses uncommon feeling and beauty. Whence comes it? We have never before seen it. Other selections from the same nicely judging hand would be very acceptable.

We welcome "Agricola." He treats of a subject which deeply interests us. We invite our friends to an attentive perusal of his essay. Highly as we approve of the author's general drift, we have one objection—He is too moderate where it is impossible to be too severe.

FOR THE ARIEL.  
TIME: A POEM.  
CONTINUED.

Where is Rome?  
She lives, but the tale of other times;  
Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home,  
And her long colonnades and public walks,  
Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet,  
Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,  
Through the rank moss reveal'd, her honor'd dust.  
But not to Rome alone has fate confirmed  
The doom of ruin; cities numberless,  
Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon and Troy,  
And rich Phenicea, they are blotted out,  
Half-razed from memory, and their very name  
And being in dispute.—Has Athens fallen?  
Is polish'd Greece become the savage seat  
Of ignorance and sloth?—  
Where now is Britain? where her laurel'd names,  
Her palaces and halls? dash'd in the dust.  
Some second Vandæ hath reduced her pride,  
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back  
To primitive barbarity.—Again  
Through her depopulated vales, the scream  
Of bloody superstition hollow rings,  
And the scared native to the tempest howls  
The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,  
Her crowded ports, broods silence; and the cry  
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash  
Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.  
Even as the savage sits upon the stone  
That marks where stood her capitol, and hears  
The bitter booning in the weeds, he shrinks  
From the dismaying solitude.—Her bards  
Sing in a language that has perished,  
And their wild harps suspended o'er their graves,  
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.  
Meanwhile the arts, in second infancy,  
Rise in some distant clime, and there perchance  
Some bold adventurer, filled with golden dreams,  
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes—  
Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow  
Hath ever plough'd before—espies the cliffs  
Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown  
He journeys joyful, and perhaps deseries  
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness:  
There he, with vain conjecture fills his mind  
Of the unheard-of race, which had arrived  
At science in that solitary nook,  
Far from the civil world; and sagely sighs,  
And moralizes on the state of man.  
Still on its march, unnoticed and unfelt,  
Moves on our being. We do live and breathe,  
And we are gone. The spoiler heeds us not.  
We have our spring-time and our rottenness;  
And as we fall, another race succeeds,  
To perish likewise. Meanwhile nature smiles—  
The seasons run their round—the sun fulfils  
His annual course—and heaven and earth remain  
Still changing, yet unchanged—still doomed to feel  
Endless mutation in perpetual rest.  
Where are concealed the days which have elapsed?  
Hid in the mighty caverns of the past,  
They rise upon us only to appal,  
By indistinct, and half-glimpsed images,  
Misty, gigantic, huge, obscure, remote.  
Oh it is fearful, on the midnight couch,  
When the rud' rushing winds forget to rave,  
And the pale moon that through the casement high  
Surveys the sleepless muser, stamps the hour

Of utter silence, it is fearful then  
To steer the mind in deadly solitude,  
Up the vague stream of probability;  
To wind the mighty secrets of the past,  
And turn the key of Time!—Oh who can strive  
To comprehend the vast, the awful truth  
Of the eternity that hath gone by,  
And not recoil from the dismaying sense  
Of human impotence? The life of man  
Is summed in birth-days and in sepulchres;  
But the eternal God had no beginning;  
He hath no end. Time had been with Him  
For ever lasting, ere the deadal world  
Rose from the gulf in loveliness.—Like Him  
It knew no source, like Him 'twas uncreated;  
What is it then? The past Eternity!  
We comprehend a future without end;  
We feel it possible that even you Sun  
May roll forever: but we shrink amazed—  
We stand aghast, when we reflect that Time  
Knew no commencement. That, heap age on age,  
And million upon million, without end,  
And we shall never span the void of days  
That were, and are not, but in retrospect.  
The past is an unfathomable depth,  
Beyond the span of thought; 'tis an elapse  
Which hath no mensuration, but hath been  
Forever, and forever.

Change of days  
To us is sensible; and each revolve  
Of the recording sun, conducts us on  
Farther in life, and nearer to our goal.  
Not so with time,—mysterious chronieler,  
He knoweth not mutation; centuries  
Are to his being as a day, and days  
As centuries. Time past and Time to come  
Are always equal; when the world began  
God had existed from Eternity.

Now look on man  
Myriads of ages hence.—Hath time elapsed,  
Is he not standing in the self-same place  
Where once we stood?—The same Eternity  
Hath gone before him, and is yet to come;  
His past is not of longer span than ours,  
Though myriads of ages intervened;  
For who can add to what has neither sum  
Nor bound, nor source, nor estimate, nor end;  
Or, who can compass the Almighty mind?  
Who can unlock the secrets of the high?  
In speculations of an altitude  
Sublime as this—our reason stands confess'd,  
Foolish and insignificant and mean.  
Who can apply the futile argument  
Of finite beings to infinity?  
He might as well compress the universe  
Into the hollow compass of a gourd,  
Scooped out by human art; or bid the whale  
Drink up the sea it swims in. Can the less  
Contain the greater? or the dark obscure  
Infold the glories of meridian day?  
What does philosophy impart to man  
But undiscovered wonders?—Let her soar  
Even to her proudest heights—to where she caught  
The soul of Newton and of Socrates,  
She but extends the scope of wild amaze  
And admiration. All her lessons end  
In wider view of God's unfathom'd depths.  
Lo! the unlettered, him who never knew  
To raise his mind excursive to the heights  
Of abstract contemplation, as he sits  
On the green hillock, by the hedge-row side;  
What time the insect swarms are murmuring,  
And marks, in silent thought, the broken clouds,  
That fringe with loveliest hues the evening sky;  
Feels in his soul the hand of nature rouse  
The thrill of gratitude, to him who form'd  
The goodly prospect; he beholds the God  
Throned in the west, and his reposing ear  
Hears sounds angelic in the fitful breeze  
That floats through neighboring copse or fairy brake,  
Or lingers playful on the haunted stream.  
Go with the cotter to his winter fire,  
Where o'er the moor the loud blast whistles shrill,  
And the hoarse ban-dog bays the icy moon;

Mark with what awe he lists the wild uproar,  
Silent, and big with thought; and hear him bless  
The God that rides on the tempestuous clouds,  
For his snug hearth and all his little joys;  
Hear him compare his happier lot with his  
Who bends his way across the wintry woods,  
A poor night-traveller, while the dismal snow  
Beats in his face, and dubious in his path,  
He stops, and thinks, in every lengthening blast,  
He hears some village mastiff's distant howl,  
And sees, far streaming, some lone cottage light;  
There, undecieved, upturn his streaming eyes,  
And clasp his shivering hands, or overpowered  
Sinks on the frozen ground, weighed down with sleep  
From which the hapless wretch shall never wake.  
Thus the poor rustic warms his heart with praise  
And glowing gratitude,—he turns to bless  
With honest warmth his Maker and his God!  
And shall it e'er be said that a poor mind,  
Nursed in the lap of ignorance, and bred  
In want and labor, glows with nobler zeal  
To laud his Maker's attributes, while he  
Whom starry science in her cradle rocked,  
And carelessly enchastened with its dews,  
Closes his eye upon the holy word,  
And, blind to all but arrogance and pride,  
Dares to declare his infidelity,  
And openly condemn the Lord of hosts!  
What is philosophy, if it impart  
Irreverence for the deity, or teach  
A mortal man to set his judgment up  
Against his Maker's will? The Polygar  
Who kneels to sun or moon, compared with him  
Who thus perverts the talents he enjoys,  
Is the most bless'd of men. Oh! I would walk  
A weary journey, to the farthest verge  
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,  
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,  
Preserves a lowly mind; and to his God,  
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,  
Is a child in meek simplicity!  
What is the pomp of learning? the parade  
Of letters and of tongues? Even as the mists  
Of the gay morn before the rising sun,  
To pass away and perish. P . . .

TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT.

## SPANISH PUNCTILIO.

On occasion of the decease of the queen mother of Spain in 1696, the Paris papers gravely relate the following particulars of a dispute respecting precedence.

The officers of the crown and the grandees of the kingdom assembled at the usual time to open her majesty's will; but finding that the first lady of the queen's chamber, who ought by virtue of her office to have been present, was absent, the august body sent a messenger, requesting her attendance. The first lady, deeming the message a gross attack upon her privileges and high importance, indignantly replied, that it was her indispensable duty not to leave her deceased royal mistress, and therefore the nobles must wait on her.

Thereupon ensued a negotiation by messages, which occupied eight hours. In the course of the discussion, the grandees insisted on their claims of precedence as an aggregate body, yet, individually, they considered themselves happy when complying with the commands of the ladies. Fixed in her resolution, the lady high-chamberlain acquainted her opponents with her final determination. The decision of the great officers and grandees was equally unalterable; but at the last they proposed, that, "without rising from their seats, or moving themselves, they should be carried to a room at an equal distance between their own apartment and the lady high-chamberlain's, who should be carried to the same place, seated upon a high cushion, in the same manner as she sat in the queen's chamber, to the end it might be said, that neither side had made a step to meet each other." It seems that the performance of the solemnity happily terminated the important difference.



## FOR THE ARIEL.

There is something peculiarly delightful in the recollections which are associated while contemplating some venerable relic of the olden time. No matter what it be, if it have the charm of age about it—and that charm, with me, surpasses that of novelty—we gaze upon it with a feeling of affectionate attachment, especially should it be connected with family incidents and boyish pleasures. A rusty firelock which our grandfather shouldered in the Revolution—his cocked hat—or the tattered remnants of his ancient regimentals—all possess within them a charm which cannot be described with half the feeling which that charm creates. But passing these aside—then comes my father's "Old Arm Chair." How often, when an infant, have we been lulled to slumber in its ample arms—how often—but I am anticipating the burthen of the poem which follows, and which I have selected for the columns of the Ariel.

## THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

What recollections of the past,  
Of scenes gone by and days that were,  
Crowd through my mind whenever I cast  
A look upon my father's chair.  
How often have I climb'd his knees  
To pat his cheek, and stroke his hair;  
The kind parental kiss to seize,  
When seated in this old arm chair.  
And much of monitory lore,  
Which bade me of the world beware,  
His tongue has utter'd o'er and o'er  
When seated in this old arm chair.  
When ev'ning call'd us round the hearth,  
And storms disturb'd the wintry air;  
What merry tales of social mirth  
Have issued from this old arm chair.  
With summer's toil, and heat o'ercome,  
When weary nature sought repair,  
Oft has he thrown his languid frame,  
Exhausted, in this old arm chair.  
When adverse fortune cross'd his road,  
And bow'd him down with anxious care;  
How has he sigh'd beneath the load,  
When seated in this old arm chair.  
But death long since has clos'd his eyes;  
And peacefully he slumbers, where  
A grassy turf is seen to rise,  
And fills no more this old arm chair.  
E'en that which does these scenes recall,  
Which age and wasting worms impair;  
Must shortly into pieces fall,  
And cease to be an old arm chair.  
Yet while its smallest parts remain,  
My fancy shall behold him there;  
And memory stir those thoughts again,  
Of him who fill'd the old arm chair.

It is not generally known, that the post-office laws make it a penalty of five dollars, for writing a communication on a newspaper or pamphlet. We are informed that many devices are practiced to defraud the government of the little sums of postage. Letters, messages, &c. are often inclosed in newspapers, &c. many of which have been detected. Some time ago, a postmaster had the curiosity to look into a periodical work, when he found the following written on the inner margin:

There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
I have brought a suit against Jones,  
and expect to get judgment  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.  
next court; of which my lawyer  
says there is no doubt;  
Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand drest in living green;  
unless he appeals it, when it will  
only delay it one term  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.  
Do write soon; we are anxious  
to hear from you, &c. &c. &c.

The same postmaster found, in a newspaper neatly folded up, a pattern of latest New York fashion, for a lady's dress, with the directions neatly written on it. But another had been more ingenious, and completely evaded the law, by drafting the dress on the paper, without any writing.

Fruits are a more certain criterion to judge men by than the correctness of their religious opinions or professions.

## A CURIOUS NARRATIVE.

PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK, AND SIR JOHN AND LADY DUDDESTONE.

Prince George of Denmark, the nominal king-consort to queen Anne, in passing through Bristol, appeared on the Exchange, attended only by one gentleman, a military officer, and remained there till the merchants had pretty generally withdrawn, not one of them having sufficient resolution to speak to him, as perhaps they might not be prepared to ask such a guest to their houses. But this was not the case with all who saw him, for a person, whose name was John Duddlestone, a bodice-maker, in Corn street, went up and asked the prince if he was not the husband of the queen, who informed him he was. John Duddlestone then told the prince, that he had observed with a great deal of concern that none of the merchants had invited him home to dinner, adding that it was not for want of love to the queen or to him, but because they did not consider themselves prepared to entertain so great a man; but John said, he was ashamed to think of his dining at an inn, and requested him to go and dine with him, and bring the gentleman along with him, informing him that he had a piece of good beef, and a plum pudding, and ale of his dame's own brewing. The prince admired the loyalty of the man, and though he bespoke dinner at the White Lion, went with him; and when they got to the house, Duddlestone called his wife, who was up stairs, desiring her to put on a clean apron and come down, for the queen's husband and another gentleman were come to dine with them; she accordingly came down with her clean blue apron, and was immediately saluted by the prince. In the course of the dinner, the prince asked him if he ever went to London? He said, since the ladies had worn stays instead of bodices, he sometimes went to buy whale-bone; whereupon the prince desired him to take his wife when he went again, at the same time giving him a card, to facilitate his introduction to him at court.

In the course of a little time, John Duddlestone took his wife behind him to London, and, with the assistance of the card, found easy admittance to the prince, and by him were introduced to the queen, who invited him to an approaching dinner, informing them that they must have new clothes for the occasion, allowing them to choose for themselves. Each therefore chose *purple velvet*, such as the prince had then on, which was accordingly provided for them, and in that dress they were introduced by the queen herself, as the most loyal persons in the city of Bristol, and the only ones in that city who had invited the prince, her husband, to their house; and after the entertainment, the queen, desiring him to kneel down, laid a sword on his head, and (to use lady Duddlestone's own words) said to him, "*Ston up, sir Jan.*"

Sir "Jan" was offered money, or a place under government, but he did not choose to accept of either, informing the queen that he had "*fifty pounds* out at use," and he apprehended the number of people he saw about her must be very expensive. The queen, however, made lady Duddlestone a present of her gold watch from her side, which "my lady" considered as no small ornament, when she went to market, suspended over a blue apron.

## BOSWELLIANA.

The following anecdotes are related by, or relate to, the well-known James Boswell who conducted Dr. Johnson to the Highlands of Scotland.

It may be recollected that when Boswell took the doctor to his father's house, the old laird of Auchinleck remarked, that "Jamie had brought an odd kind o' a chiel wi' him." "Sir," said Boswell, "he is the grand lumi-

nary of our hemisphere—quite a *constellation*, sir."—"Ursa Major, (the Great Bear,) I suppose," said the laird.

Some sip-snap wit was wont to pass between the sire and son. "Jamie" was bred an advocate, and sometimes pleaded at the bar. Pleading, on a particular occasion, before his father, who, at that time, was "Ordinary on the bills," and saying something which his lordship did not like, he exclaimed to Jamie, "Ye're an ass mon."—"No, my lord," replied Jamie, "I am not an ass, but I am a colt, the foal of an ass!"

Boswell tells, in the same "Letter," that "Duncan Forbes of Culloden, when lord president of the court, gave every day as a toast at his table, 'Here's to every lord of session who does not deserve to be hanged!' Lord Auchinleck and lord Monboddo, both judges, but since his time, are my authority," says Boswell, "for this.—I do not say that the toast was very delicate, or even quite decent, but it may give some notion what sort of Judges there *may* be."

It is further related by Boswell, that a person was executed to please his laird. "Before the heritable jurisdictions were abolished, a man was tried for his life in the court of the chieftains. The jury were going to bring him in 'not guilty,' but somebody whispered them, that 'the young laird had never seen an execution,' upon which their verdict was—'*death*;' and the man was hanged accordingly."

This is only to be paralleled by the story of the Highland dame, whose sense of submission to the chief of her clan induced her to insinuate want of proper respect in her husband, who had been condemned, and showed some reluctance to the halter. "Git up, Donald," said the "guid wife," to her "ain guid man," "Git up, Donald, and be hangit, an' dinna anger the laird."

## A FARTHING LORD.

Lord Braco, an ancestor of the earl of Fife was remarkable for practising that celebrated rule, "Get all you can and keep all you get." One day, walking down the avenue from his house, he saw a farthing lying at his feet, which he took up and carefully cleaned. A beggar passing at the same time, entreated his lordship would give him the farthing, saying, it was not worth a nobleman's attention. "*Fin' a farthing to yoursel',*" pair body," replied his lordship, and carefully put the coin into his breeches pocket.

In addition to his being his own farthing *fin'er* his lordship was his own factor and rent-collector. A tenant who called upon him to pay his rent happened to be deficient a single farthing. This amount could not be excused; and the farmer had to seek the farthing. When the business was adjusted, the countryman said to his lordship, "Now Braco, I wou'd gie ye a shillin' for a sight o' a' the goud an' siller ye hae."—"Weel, mon," replied Braco, "it's cost ye ony mair;" and accordingly, for and in consideration of the aforesaid sum, in hand first well and truly paid, his lordship exhibited several iron boxes filled with gold and silver coin. "Now," says the farmer, "I'm as rich as yoursel," Braco.—"Aye mon!" said his Lordship, "how can that be?"—"Because I've seen it—an' you can do nae mair."

## ODD SIGN.

At West-end, near Skipton, England, a gate hangs, as a sign to a public house, with this inscription on it—

This gate hangs well,  
And hinders none;  
Refresh and pay,  
And travel on.

—\*—\*—\*—  
EPITAPH ON FRANK FRY.  
When the worms comes  
To pick up the crumbs,  
They'll have in I—  
A rare Frank Fry!

## MY GREEN TABLE.

**HARVEY BIRCH.**—An interesting article will be found on another page, throwing much light upon the character of the hero of Cooper's *Spy*. We extract it from the New York Evening City Gazette.

**PEOPLE OF COLOR.**—In the absence of the editor, an article crept into the *Ariel* a few weeks ago, severely reprobating the policy which Philadelphia has adopted, in making herself an asylum for all the people of color. The article has caused some sensation among that portion of our citizens, and has been the means of inducing them to appoint committees among themselves, whose duty it shall be to watch over certain districts, and endeavor, by all proper means, to preserve that sobriety of language and behaviour, which will ensure them the respect of their white brethren.

No better plan could have been adopted by them, to induce the people of this city to regard them with a more favorable eye than many are accustomed to view them. One great cause why they are, generally speaking, so much despised, is because of their rude and impudent behaviour. Yet among the colored population of this city, there are many good, sober, thinking men, who feel ashamed and humbled at this very misconduct of their own class, knowing that it is sure to make the whole odious—because the bad opinion which the misconduct of some produces, is certain to be visited upon the whole. A line of distinction should be drawn. If there are many insolent men among them, there are many peaceable and worthy ones.

The appointment of the committees above referred to, may be looked upon as the effects of the mortification which the worthy ones feel at the misconduct of their fellows. They are sensible that many of them misbehave, and with praiseworthy alacrity, come forward to endeavor, by advice and watchfulness, to lead them into better paths. The act is creditable, for it shows that they are anxious to make them all good citizens. We wish every success to the undertaking; and can assure them, that the further they succeed, the more will the prejudice against them be done away.

**CAPTAIN BASIL HALL.**—This great northern traveler, after remaining among us some months, has sailed for England. Previous to his departure, he intimated his intention to publish a volume of travels in America, and that he should do the country justice. Sundry of our editorial brethren in New York, (who, by the way, ought to have known better) have boasted of the flattering colors in which Captain Hall intends to paint this country. He has shared their hospitality—been noticed by their first men, invited to their tables and their parties, and treated, in every respect, with far greater attention than he had any reason to suppose ought to be shown to him. He went out westward, and he travelled southward. The generous southron entertained him with the best his ample home supplied, and our western citizens with the best which their country afforded. Now mark the sequel. After his return from the west and south, and while in New York, Capt. Hall christened the southern man as a *brute*, and his western benefactors as *savages*. He railed at, and abused the country wherever he went, in the most indecent manner. At the table of Mr. Hone, of New York, he committed an outrage for which he should have been driven out of the country. In his conversation he was blunt and abrupt, leading all to believe that he learnt his manners in the lowest kennels of Billingsgate. Such, indeed, was his behaviour throughout, during his stay here, that those whose misfortune it was to be obliged to entertain, or to have any intercourse with him, that they were heartily glad when the day of his departure came.

Captain Hall has gained some credit in this country by his northern voyages, and the reputable style in which he has described them. It was natural, then, that when such a man arrived among us, he should be treated with some attention. It was done. The right hand was cordially extended, and a liberal welcome given. We shall soon see how justly he was entitled to it. His voyage home will doubtless be occupied in digesting the venom of his spleen against us, in the shape of notes, memoranda, &c. to be written

off with an additional infusion of venom, the moment he lands. Slanders of this kind take well in England. It is the fashion there to abuse America, and a book of libels from the pen of Captain Basil Hall will relish admirably. The booksellers will find it profitable—for nothing sells so well as that which hired defamers, government-paid slanderers put forth.

A friend at my elbow has whispered that remarks of this kind, going abroad among our citizens, will create prejudices against Englishmen. We hope they may—we write them for that especial purpose. It is proper that Americans should be vigilantly on their guard against the familiarities of every foreigner.—The two countries never have been friends. There is a cant abroad that old animosities are forgotten—but it is vain and idle. We are as much enemies as ever; and, since we never can be friends, it is proper we should be open. America must look for nothing but insults and injuries from England. We have received so many Englishmen who came to us as honest men, and at last duped us by their ingratitude in libelling that country which, for a while protected them from the gallows, that a lesson ought to be learnt, to teach us to distrust them all.

A communication from Rochester, signed T. H. C. remains in the post-office until paid for by the writer.

George W. Wood, of Mount Hope, Orange Co. N. Y. has received six numbers of the *Ariel*, refuses to take them, and now sends word, adding 20 cents postage, that he did not mean to take them longer than the first year! David Colman, of the same place, follows suite quite as shabbily.

We take the following lines for an Album, from the New York Evening City Gazette, a valuable weekly journal published in that city. They possess, in our opinion, uncommon beauty, and although they do come from an Album, may be considered pretty good.

## FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

Thy mind, dear girl, is but a book,  
An Album, just commenced, like this,  
And smiling Hope would forward look,  
To every future page for bliss.  
'Tis stainless now as was the leaf,  
On which these characters are trac'd;  
Save where infantile joy and grief,  
Perchance its lustre have defaced.  
But every thought admitted now,  
To write upon a leaf so fair,  
Each warm affection you allow  
To set its glowing signet there,  
Will help compile that mental book,  
(Endited by no stern decree,)  
In which One Eye alone can look,  
And read thy future destiny.

## FOR THE ARIEL.

DEAR ED,  
If I, o'er anxious to obtain  
A place among your rhyming train,  
Should chance to tramp upon a neighbor,  
Or some brother-ship belabor,  
I hope I shan't be thought intruding,  
Or that a quarrel I am brooding;  
But think that I'm a country lad,  
Almost running poesy-mad,  
To figure, either ill or well,  
In your little Ariel.  
I have not the least desire  
To sound the War-whoop on my lyre;  
"Nor flatly spit in others' faces,"  
Because, when riding on Pegasus,  
They should chance exhibit views  
Suiting not my crazy muse.  
But my desire 's to jog along  
Among your merry, scribbling throng,  
"And note each pliz, if I have time,  
That beams in wit, or prose, or rhyme."  
Yorick first claims my attention;  
(And that he's first is past contention);  
For tho' his muse, just like a Fairy,  
Has wandered off in wild vagary.—  
His style is neat, his thought is pure,  
His language strict, his measure sure,—  
His Muse from him ne'er far can stray,  
For he has proved a genuine lay."  
Next on the list is Musidora,  
Followed by the fair Jetora;  
The first, in metre, style and time,  
Displays a master-hand at rhyme:

The latter, (though her subject 's masculine,\*)  
Bespeaks a favorite of the Nine.  
Next comes Civis—but 'tis best,  
Here to let friend Civis rest,  
For he appears so monstrous pat in  
*Patriotism* and his *Latin*,  
That, should I not exactly please him,  
He would give me such a teasing,  
As would make my youthful Muse,  
Feel as little as—you choose.  
But bless my heart! I shan't have time  
To notice half the sons of rhyme  
That rally round, as tho' by spell,  
The columns of the *Ariel*.  
And lest, (unconscious,) I presume  
Upon your patience and your room,  
I now will end this sage epistle  
From your servant,

CALEB THISTLE.

\* See last number of the *Ariel*.

The poetical Works of Thomas Campbell, Esq. now first collected, will immediately be published, in two volumes, with a portrait of the author, engraved by Burnet, from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The forthcoming work, edited by the noble authoress of *Flirtation*, is understood to be founded on a singular matrimonial union, which has recently excited much conversation among persons moving in a very distinguished circle.

The second edition of *Babylon the Great; or Men and Things in the British Capital*, is nearly ready.

The printing of Mr. D. Israeli's *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I. King of England*, is nearly finished.

Editions, both in French and English, of the *Duc de Rovigo's Memoirs*, will appear on the same day.

*Pellana*, or the adventures of a Gentleman, is announced for immediate publication.

In the press, a New Edition of the volume entitled *The Living and the Dead*.

The *Prima Donna*, a Tale of To-Day, is nearly ready for the press.

A Poem, entitled *Tecumseh, or the Warrior of the West*, is about to appear, the scene of which is laid in Canada. The author of this work, which is in four cantos, illustrated by copious and interesting notes, is perfectly familiar with the manners and customs of the Indian tribes, and was personally known to the hero whose fame he has attempted to celebrate.

Mr. F. Shoberl has nearly ready for publication, a duodecimo volume, which, it is presumed, will especially recommend itself to all the promoters of the diffusion of the Christian religion and its attendant blessings, of civilization and knowledge among the nations of the earth, entitled *The Present State of Christianity, and the Missionary Establishments for its propagation, in all parts of the world*.

In the press, *Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England*. By the Rev. R. Walsh.

In a few days will be published, in 1 vo. *Three Days at Killybeg, with other Poems*. By the Rev. Charles Hoyle.

In the press, a reprint, verbatim, of the first edition of *Wickliffe's Wicket*.

The Rev. F. A. Cox, L. L. D. is preparing a Translation of the chief works of Massillon.

A series of Treatises on the principal branches of Manufacturing Chemistry, by M. Astley, of Edinburgh, is about to be published.

Mazoni's Romance, *The Betrothed Lovers*, is printing in English, at Milan, with a letter from Manzoni to the translator.

The *Puffiad*, a Satire, with an Introductory Epistle in prose to an eminent Puffer—is said to be on the eve of making its appearance.

The Life and correspondence, Public and Private, of the Marquis of Londonderry, are in preparation.

A gentleman of New York, has received a copy of the Duke of SAXE-WEIMAR'S Tour through the United States and Canada, in 1826, printed at Weimar, the present year. It is an imperial octavo volume, of about 700 pages, embellished with a portrait of the author, with correct views of the Capitol at Washington, of the Schuylkill water works, near Philadelphia; the safety barges on the North River, &c. and several maps, including those of the cities of New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. The work will probably be soon translated and published in this country. In the list of subscribers, we observe all the monarchs of Europe.

A PUZZLE FOR POSTMASTERS.—A day or two since, says the *Berkshire American*, a letter came to the North Adams post-office to be mailed, with the following superscription:

"To Mr. Henry Clark  
or Miranda Ford  
to Troy & then to Newburge  
take the Owago stage  
from there to Newton  
And then to Jersey shore.



## THE SPY UNMASKED.

A new work has just issued from the Press of the Messrs. Harpers, of this city, entitled "*The Spy unmasked; or, Memoirs of Enoch Crosby, alias Harvey Birch.*" Those who have read Cooper's interesting tale of the Neutral Ground, have now an opportunity of beholding the genuine hero of the revolutionary story, stripped of every fictitious appendage, and entering on the stage in his own proper character.

From this work it appears that Enoch Crosby was the son of a substantial farmer in Putnam County; that he entered into the service of his country immediately on the news of the Battle of Lexington, that he served under the gallant Montgomery in the first Northern campaign, was present at the reduction of Saint Johns and Montreal; and was afterwards employed by the *Committee of Safety* in secret services of a very delicate and hazardous nature. For this purpose he was furnished with a *pass*, authorizing the bearer to pass all lines and out-posts whatever of the American army. This pass, however, was only to be exhibited on the most urgent occasions, as he was ostensibly to be in the service of the enemy. In this capacity of a *double Spy*, he rendered many important services to his country, particularly in detecting and causing to be apprehended the Tories and loyalists who were then forming secret associations throughout the country. He afterwards commanded a company on the Neutral Ground, attached to La Fayette's corps.

The memoirs of this extraordinary man, with the most interesting incidents of his eventful life, have been embodied in a neatly printed volume, of more than two hundred pages, octavo, embellished with plates. The author, Captain H. L. Barnum, received the facts from Crosby's own lips, while he took them down in *short hand*, as will appear from the following article, which is prefixed to the work, as an

## "INTRODUCTION:

"Since the first publication of Mr. Cooper's interesting novel of '*The Spy, A Tale of the Neutral Ground*,' much curiosity has been excited in the reading community, respecting the *original* of that excellent portraiture, HARVEY BIRCH. It seemed to be generally admitted, that the Spy was not a fictitious personage, but a real character, drawn from life; and the author himself intimates as much in his preface, where he admits that 'a good portion of the tale is true.'"

"But we are happy to assure the reader, that the fact does not rest upon the slender basis of fanciful conjecture. A gentleman of known respectability, who has filled honorable official stations in the county of Westchester, and who has long enjoyed the friendship and confidence of Mr. Cooper, informed the writer of this article, on the authority of Mr. Cooper himself, that the *outline* of the character of Harvey Birch, was actually sketched from that of ENOCH CROSBY; but filled up, partly from imagination, and partly from similar features in the lives of two or three others, who were also engaged in *secret services*, during the revolutionary war. But Mr. Cooper has frequently assured our informant, that, though he had borrowed incidents from the lives of others, to complete the portrait, yet ENOCH CROSBY was certainly the *original* which he had in his mind's eye.

"That there were several such *secret agents* in the service of the leaders of the revolution, is a fact that is now well known; a fact to which the author alludes in the first chapter of '*Many an individual has gone down to the tomb stigmatized as a foe to the rights of his countrymen, while, in secret, he has been the useful agent of the leaders of the revolution.*' Each of these individuals might have contributed a tint, a shade, a line, or perhaps a feature, to the character of Harvey Birch; but

we think no one can peruse the following pages without being convinced that Enoch Crosby was the original model from which that character was formed.

"It is probable, however, that Mr. Cooper never saw Crosby; and of course, could not have received the incidents of his life from his own lips, as did the compiler of the following Memoirs. But the honorable John Jay, it will be recollected, was chairman of the Committee of Safety, under whose sanction Crosby's secret services were performed; and we understand, it was at Mr. Jay's residence that the novel of '*The Spy*' was first conceived and brought into existence. The venerable patriot, (better than any one else, not even excepting the *secret agents* themselves,) could furnish Mr. Cooper with every requisite material for the character of Harvey Birch; although he was under the erroneous impression, that Enoch Crosby had long since paid the debt of nature.

"On learning the foregoing facts, from the gentleman alluded to above, the writer of this narrative, being then about twenty miles from the residence of Mr. Crosby, was induced to pay him a visit, for the purpose of hearing some of the incidents of his life related by himself; but without the least intention of ever committing them to paper.

"Although perfect strangers to each other, the old gentleman gave his visitor a cordial reception, and readily complied with his request, by relating several particulars of his own eventful life. Some of these were of so interesting a nature, as induced his auditor to suggest the propriety of laying them before the public. The aged veteran modestly waived such a proposition, considering the events of his life as of too little consequence to claim attention from the patrons of literature. He had never seen '*The Spy*,' as novels were not included in his present course of reading; he was consequently ignorant of being himself the very hero of the tale. When advised of this fact, and solicited to peruse the work, he consented; and the visitor took his leave.

"A short time subsequent to this interview, Mr. Crosby was called to the city of New-York, to give his testimony in an important law-suit, respecting the transfer of some valuable real estate. While attending Court in the City Hall, he was recognised by an old gentleman, who, not having heard of him for a number of years, supposed (like Jay and Cooper,) that Crosby had been, long since, numbered with the dead. After such mutual greetings as are usual on similar occasions, Crosby's old acquaintance turned to the Court and introduced his friend as 'the original Harvey Birch of Mr. Cooper's '*Spy*.'"

"This anecdote being published in some of the daily papers, Mr. Sandford, proprietor of the La Fayette Theatre, politely invited Mr. Crosby to attend the representations of the drama of the '*Spy*;' which was performed expressly for that occasion. Mr. Crosby complied; and, the circumstance being announced in the papers, a numerous audience attended, who received the old soldier with several rounds of applause, which he modestly acknowledged. He appeared to be much interested in the performance, and readily admitted, that some of the incidents resembled transactions in which he himself had been an actor in olden time, on the Neutral Ground.

"The writer of these pages now felt convinced that the public curiosity demanded an authentic narrative of Enoch Crosby's *secret services*, during the revolutionary war. Under this impression, he paid him a second visit; and, after much persuasion, prevailed on him to relate the principal incidents of his life, in the order they occurred, while his visitor took them down, from his lips, in *short-hand*. The substance of the following pages may, therefore, be depended upon, as *facts* related by

Mr. Crosby himself. It is true, the *language* is, in most instances, the Compiler's; but the *ideas*, with very few exceptions, are Crosby's own.

The work is embellished with the following plates:

"1st. A miniature likeness of Enoch Crosby (or Harvey Birch) taken from life, with a *fac simile* of his signature.

"2d. A view of the *prison* or church, in Fishkill, where he was confined with the Tories and loyalists, and from which he made his escape at the imminent hazard of his life; together with the house in which the Committee of Safety held their examinations, or Courts of Inquiry.

"3d. A view of the farm-house, in Fishkill, which was occupied by the 'Wharton family,' after the conflagration of 'the Locusts,' by the *Skinners*; also the West Mountain, which Frances Wharton ascended at night, to obtain an interview with Harper, in the hut of Harvey Birch.

"4. A view of the place where Major Andre was taken by Paulding, Van Wert, and Williams, with the surrounding scenery.

"5th. A view of the house where Andre was confined and tried, by a Martial Court.

"6th. A correct map of the 'Neutral Ground.'

"As these views were all taken from nature, by the compiler of the work, he flatters himself that every person who has visited the spots, will bear witness to their fidelity."

*Queen of diamonds.*—The diamonds which adorned the dress of the Countess of Shrewsbury, and worn at the late drawing room in London, exceeded in value eighty thousand pounds.

From the Boston Statesman.

## RHYMES FOR THE SEASON.

'Tis very hot—upon my word, it is—  
I'm melting, melting, melting all away!  
Of most sepulchral beauty grows my phiz,—  
I finish nothing but ice creams all day;  
At twelve o'clock P. M. I light my taper,  
And travel daily through the evening paper.

I find my couch in pretty decent season,  
Sometimes at one—but oftener at two;  
Three, really seems to me out of all reason,  
And the whole night I rarely can through;  
It's very hard for many modest men  
To keep a peeper open after ten.

Talk of the glorious sun rise, if you please,  
And getting up a little after dawn—  
I must confess I'm mighty fond of ease,  
And though I'm very partial to the morn,  
To rise at four (a lamentable fact 'tis,)  
Is easier far in theory than practice.

The poets tell about the trees and towers  
With dew drops gemm'd, and glittering in the beams,  
The earliest beams of the proud Sun—the flowers  
Of beautiful freshness, and the twinkling streams,  
And the mountain top with cloudy wreathing kiss'd,  
But not a syllable of fog or mist.

But evening—or the solemn noon of night,  
When earth is in the quietude of sleep,  
When in the moon beam every flower is bright,  
And all the stars their silent watches keep—  
Is to my mind, a more agreeable time,  
Than any other you can put in rhyme.

I live when all the world around is dead,  
And read the glorious letters of the sky,  
Breathe in the showers of beauty that are shed  
From thousand glowing orbs that roll on high;  
And in the whispers of the midnight wind,  
A murmur of mysterious music find.

I have grown serious, when I only sought  
To laugh a lively stanza through or so;  
So near allied the springs of merry thought  
To those of gloom that darken as they flow;  
So this time I'll cut short my sermonizing,  
That you may have more room for advertising.

The following rhymes are appended to a book in 1643. They form an outcry, common nearly to all countries and times:

"Wise men live, good men grieve,  
Knaves despise, and fools believe;  
Help, Lord! and now stand to us,  
Or knaves and fools will quite undo us."

## VISITINGS.

A lady having presented the Author, on a visit, with her *thumb* to shake *hands* with, the Muse opened her mouth and spake as follows:—*John Bull*.

Some women at parting scarce give you  
So much as a simple good bye,  
And from others as long as you live, you  
Will never be blest with a sigh;  
Some will press you so warmly, you'd linger  
Beside them for ever, and some  
Will give you an icy forefinger,  
But *Fanny* presents you a thumb.

Some will give you a look of indifference,  
Others will give you a smile;  
While some of the colder and stiffer ones,  
Bow in their own chilly style.  
There are some who look merry at parting,  
And some who look wofully glum;  
Some give you a blessing at starting,  
But *Fanny* just gives you a thumb.

There are some who will go to the door with you,  
Some ring for the man or the maid:  
Some who do less, and some more, with you,  
And some would be glad if you stay'd.  
A good many wish you'd be slack again,  
Their way on a visit to come;  
Two or three give you leave to go back again,  
But *Fanny* gives only her thumb.

With a number, ten minutes are longer  
Than you find yourself welcome to stay;  
While some, whose affections are stronger,  
Would like to detain you all day.  
Some offer you sherry and biscuit,  
Others give not a drop nor a crumb,  
Some a sandwich, from surlorn or brisquet,  
But *Fanny* gives simply her thumb.

Some look with a sort of a squint to you,  
Some whisper they've visits to make;  
Some glance at their watches—a hint to you,  
Which, if you're wise, you will take.  
Some faintly invite you to dinner,  
(So faint, you may see it's all hum,  
Unless you're a simple beginner,)  
But *Fanny* presents you a thumb.

Some chatter—thirteen to the dozen—  
Some don't speak a word all the time;  
Some open the albums they've chosen,  
And beg you to scribble in rhyme;  
Some hollow so loud, they admonish  
Your ear to take care of its drum;  
Some give you an ogle quite tonish,  
But *Fanny* gives nought, save her thumb.

Some wonder how long you've been absent,  
Despair of your coming again;  
While some have a coach or a cab sent,  
To take you away if it rain.  
Some shut up their windows in summer,  
Some wont stir the fire though you're numb;  
Some give you hot punch in a rummer,  
But *Fanny* gives only her thumb.

Some talk about scandal, or lovers,  
Some talk about Byron and Scott;  
Some offer you eggs laid by plovers,  
Some offer the luck of the pot;  
A great many offer you nothing,  
They sit like automata, dumb,  
The silly ones give you a loathing,  
But *Fanny* gives merely her thumb.

Some bore you with six-year-old gabies,  
In the shape of a master or miss;  
Others hold up their slobbering babies,  
Which you must be a brute not to kiss:  
Some tell you their household disasters,  
While others their instruments strum:  
Some give you receipts for corn plasters,  
But *Fanny* presents you her thumb.

Some talk of the play they've been last at,  
And some of the steam-driven coach:  
While those who are prudes look aghast at  
Each piece of new scandal you broach;  
Some talk of converting the Hindoos,  
To relish, like Christians, their rum;  
Some give you a view from their windows,  
But *Fanny* gives only her thumb.

Some ask what you think of the tussle, man,  
Between the all-lies and the Porte;  
And Cod-rigton's thrashing the muscle-man,  
(Puns being such people's forte.)  
The men speak of change in the cabinet;  
The women—how can they sit mum?  
Give their thoughts upon lazes and tabinet,  
But *Fanny* gives merely her thumb.

Some speak of the Marquis of Lansdowne,  
Who, to prove the old proverb, has set  
About thief-catching—laying wise plans down  
In the *Hue and Cry* weekly gazette.  
Some think that the Whigs are but noodles,  
(But which are, of course, the mere seum;)

Some give you long tales of their poodles,  
But *Fanny* presents you her thumb.  
Good luck to them all!—where I visit,  
I meet with warm hearts and warm hands;  
But that's not a common thing; is it?  
For I neither have houses nor lands;  
Not a look but the soul has a part in it,  
(How different the looks are of some!)  
Oh! give me a hand with a heart in it,  
And the deuce may take finger and thumb.

## THE CUSHION DANCE.

The village-green is clear and dight  
Under the starlight sky;  
Joy in the cottage reigns to night,  
And brightness every eye:  
The peasants of the valley meet  
Their labours to advance,  
And many a lip invites a treat  
To celebrate the "Cushion Dance."  
A pillow in the room they hide,  
The door they slyly lock;  
The bold the bashful damsels chide,  
Whose heart's pulse seem to rock:  
"Escape!"—"Not yet!—no key is found!"—  
"Of course, 'tis lost by chance;"—  
And flutt'ring whispers breathe around  
"The Cushion Dance!—The Cushion Dance!"

The fiddler in a corner stands,  
He gives, he rules the game;  
A rustic takes a maiden's hands  
Whose cheek is red with shame:  
At custom's shrine they seal their truth,  
Love fails not here to glance:—  
Happy the heart that beats in youth,  
And dances in the "Cushion Dance!"  
The pillow's carried round and round,  
The fiddler speaks and plays;  
The choice is made,—the charm is wound,  
And parleys conquer nays:—  
"For shame! I will not thus be kiss'd,  
Your beard cuts like a lance;  
Leave off—I'm sure you've sprained my wrist  
By kneeling in this 'Cushion Dance!'"  
"Tis aunt's turn,—what in tears?—I thought  
You dearly loved a joke:  
Kisses are sweeter stol'n than bought,  
And vows are sometimes broke:  
Play up!—play up!—aunt chooses Ben:  
Ben loves so sweet a trance!  
Robin to Nelly kneels again,  
—Is Love got in the 'Cushion Dance?'"

Laughter is busy at the heart,  
Cupid looks through the eye,  
Feeling is dear when sorrows part  
And plaintive comfort's nigh,  
"Hide not in corners, Betsy, pray,"  
"Do not so colt-like prance;  
One kiss, for memory's future day,  
—Is Life not like a 'Cushion Dance?'"  
"This Dance it will no further go!"  
"Why say you thus, good ladies?"  
"John Sanderson will not come to!"  
"Fie, John! the Cushion's ready:"  
"He must come to, he shall come to,  
'Tis Mirth's right throne pleaseance;  
How dear the scene, in Nature's view,  
To Lovers in a 'Cushion Dance!'"

"Ho! prineum praneum!"—Love is blest;  
Both Joan and John submit;  
Friends smiling gather round and rest,  
And sweethearts closely sit:—  
Their feet and spirits languid grown,  
Eyes, bright in silence, glance  
Like suns on seeds of beauty sown,  
And nourish'd in the "Cushion Dance."

In times to come, when older we  
Have children round our knees;  
How will our hearts rejoice to see  
Their lips and eyes at ease.  
Talk ye of Swiss in valley-streams,  
Of joyous pairs in France;  
None of their hopes-delighting dreams  
Are equal to the "Cushion Dance."

'Twas here my Maiden's love I drew  
By the hushing of her bosom,  
She knelt, her mouth and press were true,  
And sweet as rose's blossom:—  
E'er since, though onward we to glory,  
And cares our lives enchain,  
Reflection dearly tells the "story."  
Hail!—hail!—thou "happy Cushion Dance;"

Many things in the course of human life are grievous  
for want of rightly pondering this truth; that if we  
needed them not we should hardly meet with them; and  
if we do need them, we ought not to wish an exemption  
from them.—*Dilwyn*.

DESTRUCTION OF USEFUL BIRDS.—Among  
the ridiculous spectacles exhibited in the  
world, next to 'a rod with a worm at one  
end and a fool at the other,' moved up and  
down by the sunny brooks, or silver ponds, to  
beguile the giant minnow, or the whale like  
skinner of the streams, is that of a huge boy  
of thirty, accompanied by a powder flask and  
shot pouch, destined for the slaughter of the  
poor robin. A sportsman creeping through  
the grass, skulking behind bush and tree, and  
planning ambushes for some little bird, so  
confident in its innocence and insignificance as  
to come too near to be an honest mark for a  
pebble, is a glorious and sublime sight for a  
painter. The still and stealing pace of the  
magnanimous hunter, the cautious approach  
of the fowling-piece in the head of some mer-  
ry black-bird, perched on the bush, spread-  
ing out his glossy wings in the sunbeam, and  
pouring out the fullness of his heart in a mer-  
ry gush of melody, the deadly aim along the  
tube, the vivid flash, the flutter of the dying  
victim, and the triumph of the conqueror,  
should be embodied on canvas as a specimen  
of human heroism.—*Wor. Agis*.

## AN OLIO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for us,  
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

## EPITAPH.

Stop, passenger, for here is laid  
One who the debt of nature paid.  
This is not strange, the reader cries,  
We all know here a dead man lies.  
You're right, but stop, I'll tell you more,  
He never paid a debt before:  
And now he's gone, I'll further say,  
He never will another pay.

SOCIETY.—Disagreeing in little things and agreeing  
in great ones is what forms and keeps up a commerce of  
society and friendship, among reasonable men, and  
among unreasonable men breaks it.

MISER.—A certain Miser that would not sell his corn  
when it bore a high price, hanged himself afterwards  
through despair, when it fell considerably, upon a beam  
in his chamber; one of his servants, hearing the noise,  
ran up stairs, and seeing his master swinging in a hem-  
pen cravat, immediately cut the chord and saved his  
life. When he had recovered himself, he endeavored  
to make the man pay for spoiling an excellent halter.

## INSCRIPTION

From the book at Rigi, in Switzerland

Nine weary up-hill miles we sped,  
The setting sun to see;  
Sulky and grim he went to bed,  
Sulky and grim went we.  
Seven sleepless hours we past, and then,  
The rising sun to see,  
Sulky and grim we rose again,  
Sulky and grim rose he.

'Tis a shame when the church itself is a coemetry,  
where the living sleep above ground as the dead do be-  
neath.—*Fuller's Holy and Profane States*.

Generately nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the  
face of a fool, and there is enough in his countenance for  
an hue and cry to take him on suspicion, or else it is  
stamped in the figure of his body; their heads some-  
times so little that there is no room for wit, sometimes  
so long that there is no wit for the room.—*Id.*

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young  
lady is, when she has in her countenance mildness; in  
her speech wisdom; in her behaviour modesty, and in  
her life virtue.—*Fenton's Epistles*.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-neck-  
ed bottles, the less they have in them the more noise  
they make in pouring it out.—*Pope*.

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